

## By The Quiet Stream

As I sit by the quiet stream,  
It's almost like a beautiful dream,

Deep in the forest's tranquil soothing calm,  
Far from worldly anxious dreadful qualm,

The fragrant aroma of wild flowers growing all around,  
And lovely clover clusters scattered across the pretty green ground,

Lively cute little squirrels & chipmunks frolic in the trees,  
While bunnies eat sweet clover & flowers are full of bees,

A doe & her twin fawns pause for a cool refreshing drink,  
As to myself, "How peacefully graceful," I think,

And Jesus sits with me there in the forest's calm,  
Holding me close – my face in His palm,

Thankfully & gratefully this is not a mere dream,  
My precious time by this quiet stream,

This is my mind's eye of the peace I find in God,  
That He so richly blesses me with while I'm walking this sod !

T.D. Channell

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